



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

cundärlehrer, about a mile and a half from the Grindelwald station on the road to the upper glacier. From here the whole family picnicked, and the four more vigorous members went off on walking-tours. Evidently economy was a factor in Mrs. Wood's outings and the accounts are frankly kept for our benefit. The walking-tours are not the conventional ones from great hotel to fashionable inn, but record careful bargaining at out-of-the-way stops; the roads are conscientiously dealt with, and who will take down a map and follow may get detailed information as to how to spend a delightful, happy, inexpensive summer walking through Switzerland. The jaunt down into Italy is described with particular vim and charm. It may be added that all the personalities who belonged to Mrs. Wood's party are of those healthy, buoyant, cultivated Americans whose simplicity, sincerity, and determination to know and enjoy the best of this world make them the most delightful traveling companions in the world. So many folk nowadays plume themselves upon pointing out and describing the new rich American horde overrunning Europe in the summer, and the old-fashioned Daisy Miller type who still seem to abound on the boats that run the length of Lake Geneva, one cannot be too grateful for an author who shows us the best type, the most truly successful and valuable type of American citizen.

VENICE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF PHILIPPE MONNIER. By RICHARD G. BADGER. Boston: The Gorham Press, 1910.

There are so many questions the reviewer would enjoy putting to the publishers. One of these is why translations are never done by people who know English as well as the language from which they are translating. The present volume bears on the face of it proof that the translator, whose name is not given, was inadequately instructed in French and English. He is evidently at a loss for a translation of such words as "*L'Anonyme*," and prints it in the French as if it were a proper name; *chevaliers servants* again stands untranslated; also "*Checa la Pouine*," "*en gamberlugue*," "*devotées*," "*seigneur*," etc. Now and then the translator makes a literal translation from the French which is thoroughly funny in English, as: "Had I known you sooner what a lovely offspring had been mine"; "Ancilla receives President de Brosses, *disguised* as the Venus of Medici"; the children in the family "are called by their *short* names" for nicknames. The sense of many of the sentences is lost by the author's inability to turn the French structure into the English idiom. And surely a sense of humor is lacking in the translator who writes of "purpled senators." One wonders if the translator had any idea what he meant when he set down proper names such as Mezzetino, Truffaldino, without capitals, left the word *cyme* untranslated and wrote of a gallant sitting beneath a quincunx quite as if this were the name of a tree. The translator should be referred to Sir Thomas Browne's interesting treatise on the properties of the *Quincunxial Lozenge*. Again, *pantolon* is not an English word, nor is it English to translate a week and a fortnight, eight days and fifteen days, while "*Ange Gondar*" evidently should have been Angelo Goudar. While it was permissible for Philippe Monnier, writing in French of Italian things, to retain such words and phrases as *Ciocciari* and *cura-gattoli*, it

behooved the English translator to find an English equivalent if the book is not to look like a hodge-podge in three languages.

Philippe Monnier's book is full of charm and atmosphere, but both are lost in the ignorant translation. The book is handsomely bound and has a lovely photogravure of Tiepolo's "Portrait of a Page" as frontispiece.

CATHEDRALS OF SPAIN. By JOHN A. GADE. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1911.

Spain has been subjected to a great many travel-books in the last ten years, and those of 1911 must stand comparison with some very excellent recent work. Royal Tyler's volume of last year was incomparably finer than the one under present consideration. Indeed, Mr. Gade's book is largely made out of Street's fine book, *Gothic Architecture in Spain*. The volume is, however, handsome, the photographs are fairly good, and Mr. Gade is a careful and conscientious observer.

If the book could be published in a small and portable form it would serve as a handy commentary to the ordinary guide-book. It is questionable whether a volume of mere architectural detail such as this is for reading. It is valuable as indicating minute points to the traveler, and good for reference and for refreshing the memory of one who has seen and enjoyed. Otherwise the volume is chiefly commendable as a pleasant-looking volume to lay on the drawing-room table. The plans of the cathedrals are good, but a few pen-and-ink drawings of details and interiors would have added immeasurably to the value of the volume. It contains studies of the cathedrals of Avila, Salamanca, the older and younger, Burgos, Toledo, Leon, Segovia, Seville and Granada. Santiago da Compostella, Barcelona, Gerona, Lerida, Tudela were omitted to avoid bulk.

SEA WOLVES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN. By Commander E. HAMILTON CURREY, R.N. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1910.

Oddly enough, theoretical knowledge of a subject does not always mean correct execution. Mr. Currey, in the Preface to the present book, writes: "If this book possesses one supreme qualification, she [*sic*] will escape the fate mentioned, and this quality is—interest." The subject is one to stir the blood and fire the imagination. Those Sea Wolves of the Mediterranean who preceded the buccaneers of the Spanish Main in the seventeenth century, desperate fighters, fearless seamen, ruthless adventurers that they were, should make a book to satisfy the palate of the ten-year-old boy and the *blasé* woman who wants to be transported from the drab drudgery of every day to a more colored and excited atmosphere. Alas! Mr. Currey has gathered his data with conscientious industry, but the trailing clouds of glory, which alone can vivify a past time and set it living before one, are not to hand. The book deals with the lives, battles, and deaths of Uruj and Kheyr-el-Din Barbarossa, with Andrea Doria, the Sultana Roxalana with her romantic and evil story, Dragut-Reis, "that corsair odious to God and man," his experiences as a galley slave and his ransom after four years' captivity, the Knights of St. John, the siege of Malta, Ali Basha of Algiers, the great battle of Sepanto—these should have made a thrilling book. Had Kipling handled this material or any